THE CONSTITUTION AND THE UNION.

{ TERMS-\$2.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE, WHOLE NUMBER, 955.

Choice Loetry.

SONG OF FIRE. BY THOMAS DUNK EVILLAR.

Sometime prisoned at the centre.
With my threes I shake the sphere;
Through the snowy teaped volcances.
At the surface I appear;
Then I berrst through chains that bind me
Startle mortals with my power;
Over prairies wide I senery.
Food on forcests, towns decourStrike the ships middway in cesan,
And the texasing towns devour.

Fun they call me. I am father Of the granite rocks that he Ages deep beneath the mountains, Unperceived of mortal eyes: At my tench their grystals came. At my touch their crystals came.

That were merely shappiess atoms, Ere I kissed them with my flame-Ere with ardor I embraced them, Ere I kissed them with my flame.

Rarest cems of countless value

Barest gems of countless value.
Nuggets of the yellow gold.
That, through all the time historic,
Men and empires has controlled;
And the grim and awarthy iron,
Conqueror on land and sea.
With the many meaner metals,
Owe their birth and shape to meGleaning ores and duzzling crystals
Owe their birth and shape to me.

When the relling of the thunder
Strikes the trembling wretches dumb;
When the vision-blinding lightning
Rends the nurky clouds, I come.
Fear attends me, herror after,
Ruin round ne wide I cast;
Men my name with bated breathing.
Mutter when my steps have passed—
(azing voiceless on the ashes
Where my terrible steps have passed.

Bear they pilaces of beauty,
Fair without and rare within;
Stores of hand-work, filled with fabrics,
Wealth and profits hard to win;
Temples grand, with costly aliars,
Where the wretch for ain atones—
I appear, and they are ruins,
Shapeless heaps of blackened stones—
Molten metal, crandied columns.
Timbers charred, and blackened stones.

But with red, devouring lips,
On the ocean and my hunger
With their richly freighted ships;
Swarthy sallors, pallid wanner,
Pray in vain for mercy there,
While my crackling and my rouring
Swell their clearms of despair.
While I dame from deck to mast head,
To their chorus of despair. Not alone on land I smite them ;

In the densely grounded city,
Without pity I infright.
Startled wretches, numer from slember
In the still and sumbre night.
Tenement-house or inven-state palace,
Either is the same to me;
If they manage to suidine me,
Gloomy will their triumph be—
Toppied walls upon my formen,
Tekens of my vengeance be.

Yet malign I sun not always:
Witness for mo truly when
I become the humble servant
Of the toiling sons of men;
Drive the engine, heat the furnace,
Melt the ore and soften steel—
Like the monarch in the story,
Aid the wife to cook a meal—
Monarch, wandering from earth's centre,
Aid the wife to cook a meal—

Though they see me when the lightning
Strikes in wrath the lofty domes.
Yet I love to cheer the dwellers
In the hundle octoge homes;
From the earth my flickering shadows
On the wall I east at night.
While I crackle—that's my laughter—
At the children's wild delight—
At the children's wild delight s to see these tessing shadows, They display their wild delight.

For of life have mortals called me-Foe to all that breathes or stirs: Hence the terror-stricken Pagans Are my abject worshippers. Life: there were no life without me; And what time I shall expire. All things growing, all things living. All shall pass away with fire— Air, heat, motion, broath, existence—

Ail shall pass away with fire In the solemn day of judgment,
At the awful time of doom,
When all quick and dead are parted,
These to light, and those to gloom;
Then the earth that one time bore me
Wrapped within my wild embrace,
Shall behold my final splender,
As I bear her out of space.
And we twain shall pass together,
Pass forever out of space.

Select Story.

TIME FOR THE PARSON TO CUSS.

THE RESCUE OF BIG JACK SMALL-SWEARING IN GOOD CAUSE,

The camp to which Big Jack Small's freight was consigned was a new one, and of course the last days of the trip led the team over newly broken reads, which fact increased the labor of Mr. Small, and gave to his face and language a somewhat serious expression. During the last day's drive before coming to camp, the road was particularly uneven, and on the down grade caused the long, high wagon boxes to reel to and fro like boats at sea. Often the wagons, despite the strong friction of the boxes to reel to and fro like boats at sea. Often the wagons, despite the strong friction of the howling brakes, pressed upon the eattle crowing them upon each other en mass. Then again the hindmost wagon, in making a turn, encroached so far upon the inner side of the circle that the brake must be let up to avoid sliding further and overturning, as a rolling wheel slides less than a wheel which is locked.

On one of these sliding turns, on the brink of

On one of these sliding turns, on the brink of a shallow dry water-wash, Mr. Small was com-

On one of these sliding turns, on the brink of a shallow dry water-wash, Mr. Small was compelled to stop his team to provent the overthrow of the rear wagons. As he proceeded to release the brake, which on this particular wagon had its lever low down, and between the forward and hind wheel, the wheels, from the slight move they made after being released, settled the wagon just a little, but far enough in its nearly poised position to turn it over suddenly, before Mr. Small could fly for safety.

Mr. Sighal had been anxiously and prayerfully observing, from the rear of the train, the attitude of things. He heard a sudden shout, a crash, and then all was silent, and Jack Small invisible. The unconscious cattle stood quietly in the yoke; Mr. Sighal ran wildly from one side of the wagon in the corner, endeavoring to discover some clue to Mr. Small; while the Indian walked gravely up from the head of the team, where he had been stationed to keep it in check, and stolidly observed, pointing to the prostrate wagon: "Uh! one um wagon heap ketch up Big Jack!"

Mr. Sighal looked in the imperturbable face of the Indian, the Indian leoked into the face of Mr. Sighal stood pale and sad, turning his hands nervously through each other, vainly trying to determine what to do next. Suddenly he called the Indian, and began actively unloading the unfortunate wagon, with the intention, as he afterward explained, of lifting it back by hand; which feat, considering the great size and weight, was nearly as far beyond the available power there present as to lift the whole load.

While thus fiercely engaged, and urging the Indian to increased exertion in the same direction, he heard a voice of one crying from the depths: tion, he heard a voice of one crying from the

"Ob, thank God, my dear Mr. Small, you are

"Yes, sir. I hain't dead yit."

"Are you seriously injured? And do tell me what to do, Mr. Small."

"Guess not. I'm down here in the holler, but it's mighty close quarters—like a fishin' worm under a board. Ef the wagon box don't settle down on me, I reckon I'm 'bout all right. What yer doin', parson!"

down on me, I recken I is seen at I gar.
yer doin', parson I''
"Unloading the wagon, Mr. Small."
"That ain't no use. Git the couplin chains
from the other wagon—but chock the wheels
fast—pass 'em roun' the box, from end to end,
'bent quarter way down from the top; then
bring the ends together on the side of the box.
Sabe!"
"I hope I do, Mr. Small." "I hope I do, Mr. Small."

Then, take five yoke o' cattle an' another chain- an extry chain more'n what would do to hitch up for common with-drive the cattle roun' to the other side o' the wagon, an' pint 'em straight across from the road; hitch the ex-try chain into the clinins on the wagon, then hitch the cattle's chain. Sabe!" "I think I do, Mr. Small."

"When yer git that done, heller to me. Don't arry. Work right ahead, as though there was

nothin' wrong."

The parson, conscientionsly, yet with much misgiving, went about his task, and when all was ready, and the cattle string out at right angles with the road, he stepped up to the prostrate wagen, and birning as one who listens down a well, he shouted;

"Mr. Small?"

"Hullon."

"Hullo-o!"

"Hullo-o!"
"I believe I have done as you told me."
"Get everything has held strong? Don't want
no slips in this game, yer know; 'cause of this
wagon box slides much, you'll have a mighty
flat corpse to preach a funeral on!"
"Oh, dear, dear! Mr. Small," exclaimed the
parson, vexed and horrified. "What next shall
I do!"

"Give Gove a strong bar'l, of yer kin git one, or git a big stone of yer can't get no bar'l, an' place it to the edge o' the wagon-box, so 'at he kin put it under when the cattle lift it. Sabe!"
"Yes, sir. All done, Mr. Small."

"Now, then, start up the cattle, an' keep 'em to it when they start. An' Gove, you look out an' heap fix up." "Yash, me sabe," said the Indian, taking his position, while Mr. Sighal gathered to himself the terrible whip, and proceeded to try his pow-ers in a role in which he had but faint hopes of success. He swung the whip round his head, bringing the heavy lash like a dull rasp across his own neck, and shouted at the cattle. Slow-

his own neck, and shouted at the cattle. Slowly they tightened the chains, and then stood in
the pulling attitude; but pulling not one
pound more than just enough to stretch the
chains. Oxen which will pull true enough in
the beaten track, have doubts about pulling
across country through brush.

"Get up, gee!" shouted the Rev. Mr. Sighal
at the top of his voice, and trying in vain to
jerk an explosion out of the great whip, as he
had seen Mr. Small do. "Get up! Gee! Go
long!" And then, seeing himself unsuccessful,
and becoming heated with the exertion, he added, by way of terror to the cattle, "Confound and becoming heated with the exertion, ne au-ded, by way of terror to the cattle, "Confound you! Get up!" Still the wagon-box lay flat on top of Mr. Small.

Hearing a continued rattling of chains, and much shonting with no apparent result, Mr. Small cresh:

"Hulle, parson?" "What's the matter ?"

"The cattle can't draw it, Mr. Small," replied the parson, sailly. "Can't draw it!" Go for 'em with the brad, an' cuss 'em! They kin pull it easy enough."
"Curse them, Mr. Small!" cried the parson, in

a voice of impressive selemnity. "Yes, cuss 'em?" shouted Mr. Small. "I wish I was out there, blast 'em?" I was out there, blast 'em!"

"Mr. Small, don't swear needlessly. This is an occasion of life and death," said the parson, desisting from his efforts at urging the cattle, whereat he had grown hot and red, excited

and vexed. "Well, well, don't fret, parson! Better men than me ha' died in a better cause. Write a note, an' send it down to camp by the Injun— the boys'll come up and git me out, alive or dead."

"Do not think me weak or impractical, Mr. Small," replied Mr. Sighal, with a determined ring in his voice. "Tell me what to do, and I will do it, God being judge of my intentions." "Can you cass, parson?

"It is many years since I have uttered an oath f profamity. What is it I am asked to do!" "Go 'round to them cattle

leaders, an' brad 'em all with that steel in the end o' the whip stock—the way you've seen me do it; then raise the whip above your head, start 'em on the gee pull, an' just lay your head back an' cuss as loud au' strong as you can hol-

The Rev. Mr. Signal went round to "them cattle." There was andible to Mr. Small an extra hustling of ox feet upon the earth, a creaking of ox bows, mixed with an occasional short bawl; then the sound of the parson's voice elevated with great vehemence—and the wagon slowly arose enough to permit Mr. Small to crawl out into the free air. The parson was still shouling at the straining settle when Mr. crawl out into the free air. The parson was still shouting at the straining cattle, when Mr. Small limped quickly to where he stood, and taking the whip from him with one hand, ex-tended the other, which Mr. Sighal grasped in both of his, and turning his eyes, now full of tears, toward Heaven, eloquently thanked God for His great mercy in the preservation of a life which he hoped might yet be dedicated to good and holy works.

which he hoped might yet be dedicated to good and hely works.

"Thank ye, parson," said Big Jack, as he dropped his hand and turned to the cattle; "you are a good one—thar ain't no go back to you!" And then, easing the cattle back from the pull, he said: "Parson, when I marry that solid, square-built gal, you shall do the ceremony, ef it costs me a thousand dellars to fetch yer where I am."

"Ah! Mr. Small, this lessen should teach us that we know not what a day may bring forth." "Well, we'll take the chances, anyway, Par-

What language the Rev. Mr. Sighal used to the cattle, is not reported by Mr. Small; the In-dian, being accustomed to much that he does not understand, made no note of it; and the wide, grey silence of the desert is no babbler.

A QUEER BONANZA.

Discovery of an Old Pile of Troopers' Hats in Philadelphia. The Philadelphia Times says: An interesting revolutionary relic, of special value in view of the approaching Centennial, was discovered in an old honsein Minor street yesterday afternoon. Workmen have been eng ged for several days in tearing down an antiquated building at No. 513, in that Street, and yesterday they went into the attic of the rear building. The roof had been left entire, but while some of the men were tearing out the solid partitions others began to pull down the ceiling. A heavy thrust with a crowbar brought a large section out in a lump, and, much to the astonishment of the workmen, a shower of heavy leather hats and caps poured out from between the ceiling and the rafters and rolled at their feet. They were of all sizes and of several different patterns, and The Philadelphia Times says: An interesting of all sizes and of several different patterns, and when the men got the accumulated dust brush-ad off, it was evident that they had uncarthed ed off, it was evident that they had unearthed the head-gear of a band of Revolutionary sol-diers. Some of the hats, high in front and low behind, with no front piece, but with a heavy leather guard at the back to cover the neck, closely resembled these worn by the Hessians; but others, of different shapes, and especially the large-topped caps, were unlike the Hessian pattern, and looked as though they might have belonged to artillerymen or cavalrymen. One of the high hats, much brighter and better pre-served than any of the others, had evidently beserved than any of the others, had evidently be-longed to an officer, and was ornamented with stripes of yellow paint. It had a glazed surface, sembling patent leather, and was immediate appropriated by Mr. Joseph L. Likens, the ilder in charge of the house. Mr. Likens, and Mr. Malsbury, the bricklayer, who are taking down the house, had the hats piled in a corner of one of the front rooms, and, after many of them had disappeared with the army of rolle hunters who soon crowded the building, more than two hundred were left. The building in which the hats were found is a low three-story brick, with old-fashioned square windows, glaz-ed each with tweive of the tiny panes of glass that the old-time builders used. It is immedi-ately in the rear of Tower Hall, which stands on the site of what was for some time Washing ton's headquarters, and it is said that it was at one time used as a barracks for the British troops. It has lately been used as a paper and rag warehouse, and in a day or two it will dis-appear entirely, to make way for a more modern and commodious building.

FRANKLIN PIERCE was the only President who went out of office with a Cabinet originally ap-

Miscellany.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS

Woodman, spare that tree, Touch not a single bough; In youth it sheltered me. And I'll protect it now. It was my father's hand. That placed it near his cot; 0, woodman! spare that tree, The are shall harm it not.

Oft, when a careless child, Beneath its shade I've heard The wood notes sweet and wild Of many a forest bird; My mother kissed me here, My father pressed my hand; I ask there with a tear, To let that old oak stand.

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,
Say, wooldst thou hack it down!
Woodman, forbear thy stroke.
Touch not its earth-bound ties;

Oh! spare that aged oak.

Now towering to the skies.

GENERAL SPINNER. His Opinion of National Banks-A Bi Friendly Advice.

From the New York Tribune.

From the New York Tribuns.

Mohawk, Sept. 17, 1875.

Dear Sir:—Your letter of the 13th instant reached me on the day before yesterday. The letter and papers that you speak of have not yet come to hand. A week or more ago, I received a letter from Mr. Treasurer New, inclosing a slip cut from the New York Evening Post of the 4th instant, bearing your signature. He asked me to answer the article. This I declined to do, as I do not wish to be drawn into a newspaper con-I do not wish to be drawn into a newspaper con-troversy. I, however, wrote him, sustaining him in his action in regard to the assessments made upon the National Banks for the expenses incur-red by the people for the redemption of their cir-

colating notes.

You say: "There seems to be a general indignation throughout the country against it." I was not aware before that the banks had got quite so far as to claim to be the country. "I am the State." said the King of France. "We are was not aware below that the banks had got quite so far as to claim to be the country. "I am the State," said the King of France. "We are the country," say the banks. Let them beware. History repeats itself. For more than twenty years I was the executive officer of a bank. Most of what little I possess in the world is invested in National Banks. My interest, therfore, is entirely on that side, but I hope that that fact will never warp my judgment to that degree that I would be unable to see what would be fair and just to both the banks and the people. In the introduction of your ariicle in the Erening Post, I see that a bank officer, professing to speak for the banks, says: "What else can we do than relinquish our circulation?" In answer to this, I wrote to the Treasurer of the United States: "This is decidedly rich. It reminds me of the story of a boy who said to his mother, who had refused him money for a circus ticket, "Now," refused him money for a circus ticket, 'Now, mammy, if you don't give me that quarter, I'll just go right off and ketch the measles; I know

just go right off and ketch the measles; I know a boy what's got 'em prime."

If the banks know what's good for them, and when they are well off, they had better "hold their horses," and keep quiet. The privilege of retaining their circulation depends upon this. Bank officers seem to have no idea of the deep feeling among the masses of the people in favor of a currency of coin and paper, that shall be issued exclusively by the United States. The action of the Democratic party, through their delegated Conventions, in Ohio and Pennsylania, should admonish the banks not to provoke an issue and conflict between themselves and the people. Such a course can end only in one way—it would be suicidal on the part of the banks. it would be suicidal on the part of the banks. But nothing in this world is so blind as the un-reasonable self-interst of corporations, and it is just possible that they may refuse to see the ight and their true interest as well, until it may

was enforced by State and by bank law cost more than double the amount now fairly assessed by the Treasurer of the United States for a much greater service. In those days the redemption agency banks charged a discount of at least ofe-quarter of one per cent. They required the de-posit of an amount, the interest upon which was posit of an amount, the interest upon which was equal to at least an equal amount, and then the banks were compelled to pay all charges for, and run the risk of, transportation to and from the city agencies. Now a charge of less than one-fifth of one per cent. for more and better service, assessed by the people's government, excites "gen-eral indignation."

I am a little curious to see what the banks in-I am a little curious to see what the banks in-tend to do about it. The threat is made in the article in the Post that, "Congress in its next session, in December next, will be called upon by the entire national banking interests of the coun-try to modify the bank taxes." Is it not likely that a majority of the members will consider themselves instructed by the action of their State conventions, and shape their course in the direct-ly opposite direction? When a boy I was advised "never to kick a sleeping dog." I have remem-bered and profited by it ever since. I commend the observance of the old law to the serious and prayerful consideration of the banks now.

I am, very respectfully, yours. F. E. SPINNER. John C. Hopper, Esq., Secretary, etc., New

Old Ben. Wade's Remedy. Ex-Senator B. F. Wade, of Ohio, was invited to make an old-fashioned tariff speech at Youngstown the other day, but he declined on account of ill health. In his letter he said: "The only cause for present evils is the want of a high protective tariff. This would enable us to do our own work and is the only remedy for the thonown work, and is the only remedy for the thou-sands who are now out of work and can find no employment. No nation ever had a better curemployment. No nation ever had a better currency than we have now, and no relief will come
from any attempt to change it. What we want
is to do our own work at home. Look at France,
just out of the most disastrous and expensive
war known to history, and the enormous idemnity she had to pay to Germany. What miracle in
her behalf enabled her to pay it off so soon in
gold? It was because France does all her work
at home, and consequently owes nothing abroad.
We should have a tariff on all foreign finery that
would make our fools and would be aristocraey would make our fools and would be aristocracy open their eyes. If any man or woman desires to live in a style beyond the skill of our own workmen, let them pay for their vanity. But the Republican party have become weak-kneed on this subject, and they do not pronounce the word protective above their breath. Oh, for the firm-ness, courage, and honesty of old Henry Clay."

In looking over an official list of the Counties in the United States, some interesting facts are developed. There are in all 1,441 Counties. The in the United States, some interesting facts are developed. There are in all 1,441 Counties. The letter most largely represented in the naming of these Counties is S; the next M, and the next C. More Counties are named after Washington than any other President of the United States, the number being 29. The names of the other Presidents represented by Counties occur as follows: Jefferson 23, Jackson 21, Madison 19, Mouroe 18, Lincoln 17, Grant and Polk 12 each, Johnson 11, Harrison 9, Adams 2, Taylor 7, Van Buren 4, Pierce 4, Buchanan 3, and Fillmore and Tyler 2 each. In many cases, however, in the above list, Counties were not named after the Presidents, but the selection of a name was influenced by local considerations. There are 22 Counties named after Frankliu, 17 after Marion, 2 after Fremont, 3 after Greeley, 1 after Hendricks, 8 after Benton and Boone, 9 after Cass, Marshall and Putnam, 14 after Carroll, 11 after Donglas, and 18 after Montgomery. The names of almost all of the Revolutionary heroes except Arnold are represented in the list.—Washington Star.

At an auction sale of Chinese women at Sau Francisco, only Chinamen being allowed to pur-chase, the most desirable damsel brought but \$8, and one beauty, whose nose was a little out of plumb, fetched only the ridiculous sum of 65

WENDELL PHILLIPS thinks that the Fall River troubles are only the beginning of a great soc

But One That Has a Large Amount of Truth in It.

TROY, KANSAS, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1875.

DEAR FRIENDS:—By turning to the ninety-fourth page of the "Koran," you will find the words of my text, viz.:

"The wicked man shall not stand in the conn-

"The wicked man shall not stand in the councils of the just, nor shall his evil deeds be recorded in the books of law."

You, my friends, are well aware that Mahomet flourished some six headred years after the emission of our Lord, and that he forced the people at the point of the sword to embrace his religious views. He was a man of strong mind, and made everything tend to his own advancement, regardless of othersmen's rights.

The language of our text, taken from the Mahomedan Bible, a work, by the way, that is well written, show has to be a man of sound principles in regard to the wicked and unjust men. The language is bold and emphatic, and stamps ples in regard to the wicker and stamps. The language is bold and emphatic, and stamps its author as a man of iron will. There is no am-

biguity.

Perhaps there is no class of people on earth who place more implicit faith in their Bible and Prophet than the Mahomedans. As a general thing they are strictly honest in their dealings with each other, and live up to the letter and spirit of our text.

This, however, ceases the moment they come in contact with what is called a "Christian dog." It is considered no crime for them to take every advantage they possibly can of a Christian, and in this respect they are certainly the most un-principled thieves you can come across. The Mussulman that would in any way deceive or in any way wrong one of his co-religionists, could "not be permitted to stand in the councils of the inst park his axid decks be recorded in the

of the just, nor his evil deeds be recorded in the book of law."

This fact is so obvious in their dealings with

each other, that a stranger to their faith is at once struck with the confidence they repose in each other. Our text is to them like the laws of the Medes

Our text is to them like the laws of the Medes and Persians, unalterable, and perhaps more faithfully kept than the majority of preachers keep the Ten Commandments.

An unjust man, who had in any way over-reached or taken advantage of one of his co-religionists, would be ostracized from society, and cosigned to a felon's doom, and his evil deeds could not be recorded in the book of the law.

My dear friends, I have seen a Turkish merchant leave his store open for hours together, and customers passing in and out, helping themselves to such merchandize as they required, and paying for it as punctually as if the owner had been present. Every thing had its price marked on it, and if you liked the figures, you either weighed or measured what you wanted, and left the price ou a stand prepared for the purpose. Very seldom is that faith or confidence abused, and we betide the wretch that is so unfortunate and wee betide the wretch that is so unfortunate and we bettie the wretch that is so unfortunate as to allow his cupidity to overcome him. Now, my friends, just look at these strange people who act so honestly and fairly with each other. They would consider it God's service to rob or cheat a Christian of all he had on earth.

Let us for a moment suppose that their mode of doing business was adopted in this country for one mouth, and what would be the result?

Would not every man and woman in this congregation take advantage of the grocers?

Would not every one of you take twenty onnees to the pound, and forty inches to the yard?

Yes, my dear friends, and nearly all of you would forget to pay down the money.

In fact, most of you try to beat down the price of everything you nursely and many of you try of everything you our hase, and many of you try mighty hard to avoid paying for your store clothes, tea, sugar, tobacco, whiskey, and still call yourselves Christians, and look down with contempt on the followers of Mahomet, who go

on a pilgrimage to the temple of Mecca.

Are not our wickedest men always in the van?

-leaders in what are called the councils of the And are not all their evil deeds recorded in the books of the law? Look at Bill Windom, Bill Tweed, Bill Mar-

shall, Bill Murray, and all the other Bills, and where do you find them? Why, at the head of everything that has a dol-

lar gain in it.

King John the First, of Ramsey, says that if such men were in Constantinople, where he graduated as Oriental Inguist, they would have been placed in a comatose condition by the vapors of quitessence of double distilled extract of the syrup of poppies, vulgarly called laudunum.

Just mark that, my friends, and stick a pin there.

there.

Now, my friends, if you are sincere in your professions, why don't you live up to them?

The Mahomedaus, whom you look upon as a set of barbarians, are more consistent than you. They live up to the very letter of the Koran, and keep the teachings thereinin contained; while you ignore in toto the teachings and precepts you profess to be governed by.

A good Mahomedan is an animal vastly supe-

A good Mahomedan is an animal vastly superior to a sneaking, treacherous, hypocritical, double-faced Christian, who steals the livery of heaven to serve the devil in.

Think of it, my friends, and turn the wicked man out of the conucils of the just, and let not their evil deeds be recorded in the books of the law. Selah!

Brother Black and the server of the law of the law.

Brother Blakely will please pass the plate, and then the choir will sing, "I love to steal awhile," etc. N. B.—Services as usual next Sunday.—Minne-

Mr. W. L. Scott, of this city, who was one of

the earliest settlers of this country, and a per-fectly reliable man, has given us the following for publication:

In July, IS18, the second steambout that ever

for publication:

In July, IS18, the second steambout that ever passed up the Missouri river struck a snag at the head of Hardeman's Island, between Boonville and Arrow Rock, and immediately sunk. The boat was loaded principally with government stores. It had in the hold a large lot of Monongahela whiskey, and also \$200,000 in silver coin, which was being taken to Conneil Bluffs, to pay the government target stationed at that place, which was then the extreme outpost of civilization. Mr. Scott, though a very small boy at the time, lived very near the scene of the accident, and remembers well what was related by the officers of the boat at the time, and also by the boat, who came some time after, looking after the lost treasure. When the government agents arrived, the river had swollen to such an extent that it was impossible to recover the money or any portion of the cargo.

Fifty-six years have passed away, yet Mr. Scott says he can now point out the exact spot where the unfortunate steamer lies buried, with its valuable cargo. He is probably the only living man who can do so, and as he is well advanced in years, the government can yet reclaim the money, if it will make the effort; or, if a release can be given by the government tent. Boosnille (Mo.) Wars.

given by the government, private parties will undoubtedly undertake it.—Booarille (Mo.) News.

Judging from ex Senator Fowler's oration on Andrew Johnson, at Nashville, the other day, the friends of the dead ex-President were not very fortunate in their selection of their orator. In referring to Mr. Johnson's last resting place, he said, "Earth has no grander spot—it is a temple where a god might dwell. Thy warfare o'er, rest in peace. No reverential or sacrilegious hand will disturb your remains in your harmonious sepulchre." A "harmonious sepulchre" is insane enough, but fancy the orator, in closing his panegyric, tapping his anburn poll, after the fashion of Hamlet, and ejaculating in a fine frenzy, "Brave patriot, we will remember you while memory holds a scat in this distracted globe."

WHEN Frederick the Great died in the lap of one of his faithful attendants, after a two hours struggle of hard breathing, he didn't say any stringgle of nata deceasing, a dain't say any thing about his came of his funeral. The present Emperor of Germany, looking ahead, wants to be buried with a small-sized camron in his coffin, and this opitaph placed above the board: "Gone to meet the French army."

A BIRMINGHAM stone-cutter, writing from the Muskoka free-grant lands in Canada, says that there are "seven months of winter, the land is rock, thinly covered with soil, work is scarce, wages are low, and expenses are heavy; and altogether, the Dominion is a very bad place to go to."

MY WIFE. WRITTEN WHILE RECOVERING FROM A SEVERE SICKNESS.

I beard her. O! how cantiously,
Open my bed-room door;
I heard her step as noislessly
(To my couch) across the floor;
I felt her hands my temples press,
Her lips just touching mine;
And in my anguish and distress,
Twas sinful to regim.
Our pilgrimage is nearly through—
We ve pussed life a mountain a brow;
I thought I loved her, years ago—
I knose I love her now.

Her face was hovering over mine—
Her warm tears on my check;
Her whisper of prayer of thought divine,
Boxe fervestly, but meek.
Her beacon rested on my urm,
I felt its troubloos throe;
I knew the cause of its alarm,
I knew its source of stag.
And then the blood, my system through,
Came pressing on my brow—
I thought I loved her, years ago—
I know I love her now.

Thus watch'd that tired and patient one,
By night as well as day.
In sadness and almost alone,
Till weeks had passed away;
Bereft of sleep—deprived of rest—
Oppressed—borne down with care,
Till, O! her labors have been bleas'd,
For God has heard her prayer.
Her cheek resumes its wonted glow,
And placid is her brow;
I thought I loves her, years ago—
I know I love her now.

THE PEMBROKE HORBOR

Crime that Comes Home to the Heart Every Parent in the Land.

story of the crime committed in Pemroke, N. H., last Monday morning, is the most opalling that we have been compelled to print for a long time. Its circumstances of unnecessary brutality are so monstrons that they cannot be thought of without shuddering. It is not many months since the wretched butcher of Georgie Lovering was hanged; now another young girl has been ontraged, murdered and savagely cut to pieces in the same State. Nor are these the only crimes of peculiar atrocity that have occurred within a few months. Massachusetts has been the theatre of some of them. There never was a time when human life seem. There never was a time when human life seemed less secure in this section of the country. All our institutions of education and religion, with all the guards and penalties of government, prove ineffectual to prevent crimes that in fe-rocity and terror equal the doings of the wild Indians. Shall we be obliged to confess that there is some radical defect in our system of so-All accounts agree that Josie Languade was a girl of superior strength and loveliness of char-acter. She was not quite eighteen years old, the child of worthy and substantial parents, the

ciety! An omission of weakness that makes ineffectual all the safegurrds established maintained at such cost of labor and wealth? light of a comfortable and refined home, a scholar of unusual quickness, high in the favor of her teachers, her schoolmates and the whole circle of village society. She left home in broad day-light to attend the village high school, a mile and a half away. Every one will remember how bright and beautiful the morning of Monhow bright and beautiful the morning of Mon-day was, as favorable a day for a maiden to take such a walk as could be imagined. Her brother, impatient to meet his mates, goes on before, nobody entertaining a thought that she would need company for protection. When she did not appear in the school-room, her brother theight-she had been detained at home for some on, but when he returned and inquired for er, her parents were more surprised than alarm-d. It is evidence of their complete trust in her onest ways that they at once suspected she had cen prevented by violence, and immediately estituted a search through the woods in the vinity of the road over which she was to pass. scribe the parents' dread when the search was in progress, or the horror of its cruel result. But the father and mother, who have a dutiful

daughter just blooming into maidenhood, may possibly imagine it. Whether the details of the tragedy will ever be fully known, cannot be predicted now. It is reported that the girl's books were found by the roadside, and near them a broken club, with which, it is thought, the first foul blow was struck. She was then dragged into the woods, subjected to the worst indignity, barbarously mutilated, beheaded, and left, her body in one place, and her head in another, to lie uncovered

place, and her head in another, to lie uncovered until found in the evening.

Many things that have lately happened have made parents more cautions than they formerly were concerning their children. This occurrence will lead to still stricter conduct in this regard. It will begin to be thought that no road is safe by day or night, for a child or woman to walk alone. The restraint of this fear will make a great change in the habits of many families, the members of which have gone abroad with entire freedom and sense of security. There are prob-ably hundreds of New England girls who are acably hundreds of New England girls who are ac-customed to go to school alone by lonely coun-try roads every morning, and would, until late-ly, have as much expected to meet a raging lion on their way as to be violently treated, or in any way molested. Probably ninety-nine in every hundred of them are quite as safe now as ever, but few of them will think so. Their alarm and ont lew of them will think so. Their alarm and that of their parents is natural. This effect will be all the more serious, if the murderer of Josie Langmade escapes capture. This, however, we shall not believe possible. No doubt the most vigorous search will be made to secure him.—

Boston Advertiser.

How to Judge a Town. The Jefferson City (Mo.) Journal tells this:
About a week ago a gentleman from Tennessee, representing a capital of \$20,000, in search of a location in which to engage in business, gave us a call, and after stating his mission "west," asked to look at our paper. We handed him the morning Journal, and to our surprise he did not stop to read our newsy local "picknps," or our attractive editorial page, but turned at once to our advertising columns, and commenced counting our advertisers and measuring ced counting our advertisers and measuring

"Well," said he, glancing up from the paper,
"is that all? Is that the business of this town?"
"Oh, no," said we, "there is the Tribune with
a few advertisements that don't appear in the
Journal." He then counted two additional local business

advertisements in the Tribune, and again looked up with the remark:

"And that's all, is it! Why, you haven't got near as much of a town here as I thought you had?" And then we explained to him that we have

And then we explained to him the control of a great many business men who do not advertise, "They are not business men to hurt if they don't advertise," was his answer.

We could not contradict him, and we were powerless to vindicate the "claims of the city."

He left us, saying that if he had time he would He left us, saying that if he had time he would look around, but thought it was no place for

This is one instance, and a fact, Tacitura Presidents.

The Philadelphia North American predicts the failure of a would-be Democratic candidate for the Presidency because he talks too much. It says: "We have had a few limber-tongued men on the Presidential track, and not one of them has ever made the winning-post. Our Presidents have not been noted for universal speech-making, and many of them could not make a speech before a popular audience. Washington and Jefferson were dumb. The elder Adams was not a popular speaker. Madison could not be tenthuse an audience. Quincy Adams was eloquent, but not fond of public speaking. Jackson was a rough, but hardly a ready speaker, and he never harrangued the people. Van Buren was sly, and weighed every word. And so on down to Andrew Johnson, President by accident, who ruined his chances for succeeding himself by too much talking."

self by too much talking." INDIAN modesty-riding naked into the pres-ence of our Commissioner, and offering to sell the Black Hills for \$1,000,000 a year as long as

As old apple tree has just been cut down at York, Maine, which was brought from England in 1669, and has borne fruit every year since.

CHASTISING A BELL.

A Michigan Farmer Plays the Part of Mutudor.

Mr. Elijah Pond, of the Township of Adams, had upon his farm a large, powerful and valuable bull, whose general reputation for propriety was had, but had always acknowledged the mastery of Mr. Pond. He had been a terror to the help upon the farm, and had often hurried out of his neighborhood those who had occasion to to pass through the fields where he was grazing. Mr. Pond frequently urged his laborers not to run from the animal, but to show no fear, and he would not dare attack them: but they always he would not dare attack them; but they always took the part of discretion, and got out of his

One evening last week, after Mr. Pond finished milking his cows in the barnyard, and was re-turning to his home with a pail of milk, he had to pass by this bull. He noticed that he shook his head sullenly, and looked vicious. But he passed along, thinking nothing of it. He had not proceeded far, before he heard the rapid step and low, moaning bellowing of the animal close by him. He turned to catch the bull's horns with him. He turned to catch the bull's horns with his hands, so as to prevent his being gored, and was tossed into the air. He came down, pail, milk, and all, upon the animal's head, and was again thrown into the air, and as he fell, he struck on the opposite side of the fence. He was somewhat bruised, and his clothes torn, by the rough handling and the fall, but being a stout, muscular man, his impulse was to chastise the insolent beast. Accordingly he secured a heavy club, which had been a sled stake, and jumped over the form into the well M. club, which had been a sled stake, and jumped over the fence into the yard. He was met by the bull, which, with horns poised, head fixed, and stiffened neck, plunged at his unequal adversary as he approached. Mr. Pond struck him a terrific blow across his head, splintering and breaking the cudgel, but making no other impression upon his bullship, except to infuriate him.

pression upon his bullship, except to infuriate him.

The combat was getting fearful. The bull dashed upon Mr. Pond, who, without any means of defence, was in imminent, deadly peril. He sprang aside, caught the animal by one horn and one car, and endeavored to keep away from him, but was shaken about like a bundle of hay. He lost his hold, and a second time was tossed high into the air, and fell beyond the fence into the adjoining field. The maddened animal rushed at the fence, roared and bellowed, but Mr. Pond, undismayed, determined to master the field. He started to the house for his axe, and would have split open the bull's head, rather than be constarted to the house for his axe, and would have split open the bull's head, rather than be conquered. But on his way he came across a heavy three-tined pitchfork. Seizing this, he started again across the yard. More savage and more desperate than before, the beast met him, but Mr. Pond stood his ground, and as the bull approached he did not turn aside, but struck him foll in the few with the above time of the few. proceded he did not turn aside, but struck him full in the face with the sharp tines of the fork, expecting to turn him back by the accute pain. But he was again mistaken. The animal rushed at him and was bearing him against the fence, where he would have crushed him like a dry weed. Mr. Pond saw his peril, and threw him-self forward upon the neck and horns of the bull, and clinging to his neek threw up his feet.

and clinging to his neck, threw up his feet, so as to avoid the fence. In this predicament he was tossed and flung about, and the fork was thrown from his grasp, and finally he, too, was unseated, and fell over beside the animal. Fortunately, in his fall, his haud came upon the fork, which he caught, and, with a full sense of the importance of using his power, he thrust the strong fork again and again into the side, flack, and neck of the bull, with all the force of his research arms. The consideration all the force of his powerful arms. The combat now waxed hot. The heavy thrusts were quick and effective, and as the tempered times twanged from the tough hide of the bull, the blood spurted

and effective, and as the tempered times twanged from the tongh hide of the bull, the blood sparted from the deep incissions. Nerved by desperation and pain, Mr. Pond kept up his terrible warfare. The animal failed in every attempt to get him on his horns. Into his broad sides rained lightning shots of pointed steel, thicker, faster, and deeper. The contest grew unequal; the strong beast bellowed now with pain. He held his head down for a moment, roared in utter discomfigure, and whirling upon his feet, ran bellowing down the yard.

Mr. Pond made his way to the house. He was met at the door by his wife. He was wet with perspiration, bespattered with blood, lame, and almost naked, but so nerved by his spirit that after washing and resting a little time, he went again to the yard. He had determined that there should be but one master on the premises, and maked. He found his victory complete. The conquered, cowed, humbled animal ran from him like a whipped spaniel. The victory complete, the victor found himself more fearfully injured than he supposed, and it was several days before he again left his room. We saw him when he was able to ride down town, and yet he was in a decidedly dilapidated condition, but in a fair way to recover.—Hilledale Business.

Buckeyes for Rheumanism.

The Detroit Free Prees says Vice-President Wilson loves to eat onions, but "he can't be fooled into carrying a buckey in his pocket to keep into carrying a buckey in his pocket to keep into carrying a buckey in his pocket to keep into carrying a buckey in his pocket to keep into carrying a buckey in his pocket to keep into carrying a buckey in his pocket to keep into carrying a buckey in his pocket to keep into carrying a buckey in his pocket to keep into carrying a buckey in his pocket to keep into an into the carry in the mid-reader, while delivering the critical carry. He had deeper in the arms a panet to the —D—barren identity. It's alle! The carry in the many and the carry in the many and the carry in the many and the carry in the car

on loves to eat onions, but "he can't be fooled into carrying a buckeye in his pocket to keep rheumatism away." Then the Vice-President has never had the rheumatism. Let him once feel that terrible were had the results are the terrible were had the rheumatism. that terrible monster gnawing at his joints, like a hungry tiger ernnehing the bones of a deer, and he will snatch at the first buckeye that happens to straggle within reach of him, and jerk it into his pocket quick enough to make your head swim.

"He jests at scars who never felt a wound." "He jests at sears who never felt a wound."

Strange to say, there are people, even of respectable parentage, and good standing in society, whom you can't convince that there is any virtue in buckeyes as a medicinal scare-crow to the rheumatism; but there is a gentleman of the journalistic persuasion in this very city who has been assidnously carrying one in his pocket for the last five years. Any anprejudiced physician who has permanently retired from practice, and thinks that life is too short for arguments in reference to such matters, will tell you that a pock-

SINGULAR WORK OF NATURE.—Last week we announced, on the authority of a certain hardware merchant of this town, that his wife had just been delivered of a pair of twin girls. This week, on the same authority, we have to announce that the wife of the same merchant has been delivered of another child. The last one is also a girl, weighs nine pounds, and mother and child are doing well.—Lizcola County (Wis.) Advocate, Sept. 25.

THE SHOEMAKER. The Shoemaker sat amid wax and leather, With his lap-stone over his knee, Where, smng in his shop, he defined all weather, Drawing his quarters and sole together; A happy old man was he.

This happy old man was so wise and knowing.

The worth of his time he knew:
He bristled his coshs, and he kept them going.
And felt to each moment a stitch was owing.

Until he got round the shoe.

Of every deed that his wax was scaling.
The closing was firm and fast;
The prick of his awl never caused a teeling
Of pain to the tee, and his skill in heeling
Was perfect and true to the last.

Whenever you gave him a foot to measure, With gentle and skillful hand. He took its proportions with looks of pleasure. As if you were giving the coalliest treasure, Or dubbing him herd of the land. And many a one did he save from getting

A fever, or cold, or cough; For many a foot did he save from wetting. When, whether in water or snow 'twas sitting— His shoeing would keep them off. When he had done with his making and mending, With hope and a peaceful brenst, Resigning his awl, as his thread was ending. He passed from his bench, to the grave descending. As high as the King to rest.

GOV. ALLEN'S MIND.

Astonishing Experiment Tuesday Night Brown, the Famous Intellect-Permer.

When the Hayes majorities began to roll up in Chicago Tuesday night, the Inter-Ocean, with enterprise becoming an inflation sheet, started a reporter out after Brown, the famous mindreader. A wire to Columbus was seenred, and after much difficulty Gov. Allen was established at the Columbus end and Brown at the Chicago and. The experiment they proceeded. end. The experiment then proceeded.

In the experiment then proceeded.

In the operating room of the telegraph office, behind a switch board, a wire had been drawn down and lengthened so as to be easily reached.

Mr. Sommers had caused the other end of this wire, in Columbus, to be similarly prepared, and at about midnight a dispatch came in as follows:

The Governor is ready, and has little time to spare. Mr. Brown was instantly blindfolded, and the

Mr. Brown was instantly blindfolded, and the wire was put into his hand. An answer was sent that all was ready, and that the Governor might "catch hold."

Now began a most remarkable scene. The genuflexions of Mr. Brown in ordinary cases are curious to see; but as soon as the rapport between himself and Governor Alleu was fairly established, they became painfully involved and even startling. At first he scened inclined to stand upon his head, and then to change his mind and dance a clog. His free hand sawed the air and flopped around with all the furious rapidity of an old-fashioned flail in the hands of a farmer's boy with a "stent" of work before him. He whirled and kneeled down, sat down, and then balanced himself on one toe. Not a and then balanced himself on one toe. Not a sound did he utter for at least two minutes, when the surcharged feelings transmitted to his brain from that of Uncle William found vent in a pro-

longed and savage howl.

"I can't write!" he ejaculated, for a moment resuming his own identity, and jerking the words out between his spasms. "Report me! This man is wild!"

The reporter had his stenegraphic apparatus out in a moment.

t in a moment. The old man can't concentrate his mind," he ground. Instantly thereafter, "it's a d-d barren ideality." D- Cary, Where's Geman Western Reserve! O-o-o-o-h!"

There was a pause, in which the mind-reader resumed his gymunstic exercises with frightful

"What did I say?"

The speech was read to him.

"That is the most trying test I ever submitted to," said he. "It is my belief that the subject is either drunk or craxy. The whols thing was dark confusion to me. I would not go through it again for \$1,000.

A telegram was sent releasing Gov. Allen from the Columbus terminus, and the report of the speech was sent to him for verification. In a half hour this answer was returned:

Governor says it's a frand.

Governor says it's a fraud. Thus terminated the test.

able parentage, and good standing in society, whom you can't convince that there is any virtue in buckeyes as a medicinal scare-crow to the rheumatism; but there is a gentleman of the journalistic persuasion in this very city who has been assidnously carrying one in his pocket for the last five years. Any unprejudiced physician who has permanently retired from practice, and thinks that life is too short for arguments in reference to such matters, will tell you that a pocket without a buckeye in it is a mighty dangerous thing to carry about with you, especially in a damp climate like this. In conclusion, if we have succeeded in inducing one single rheumatically-predisposed person to send to his uncle in the country for a buckeye, and thus save himself from the pangs of that disease which may be called the mother of agonizing howls, we shall feel that we have not toiled wholly in vain.

Leuisrille Courier-Journal.

A GLARING CONTRASI.—A slight difference appears to exist between the English sea captain and the American article. When the steamship Northfleet went down in the British Channel, the captain stood at the gangway with a revolver in his hand, to shoot any man who should attempt to get into the boats before the women and children were all embarked. One man disregarded the order, and sprang into a boat, and was shot where he stood by the brave captain. Contrast with this heroism the conduct of Captain allowed the male passengers to enter such boats as were left. Then the ship went down, and carried with it the brave captain. Contrast with this heroism the conduct of Captain allowed the male passengers to enter such boats as were left. Then the ship went down, and carried with it the brave captain. Contrast with this heroism the conduct of Captain Firthanks, of the Mendota, who, when his vessel foundered, was the first person on board to jump into the boat, and left his wife and father behind to perish—Chicago Tiese.

Senoular Work of Nature.—Last week we announced, on the authority of a certain hardwar

ware merchant of this town, that his wife had just been delivered of a pair of twin girls. This week, on the same authority, we have to announce that the wife of the same merchant has been delivered of another child. The last one is also a girl, weighs nine pounds, and mother and child are doing well.—Lizoola County (Wis.) Advocate, Sept. 25.

A LADY leaving one of the summer resort hotels last week, was charged for an entire China toilet set, only one piece of which she had broken. She paid the bill, and pleading the excuse of having forgotten something, returned to the room, and broke each and every article of the set for which she had paid. And some people say wom en are not clever.—New York Erening Mail.

The latest German snake story is to the effect that one of the largest reptiles in the Hamburg Zoological Gardens got out of his headquarters the other day, and it took a dozen men two hours to handeuff him and put him back where he belonged.

A VERY ANCIENT WALL IN MissISSIPPI.—About cighteen miles from Port Gibson, and one mile from Brandywine Springs, on the place of Mr. O'Quin, the existence of a great number of blocks of out sinch she on the popule in the neighborhood have used them for props for their houses. Mr. James Gag, Jr., went out there a few days ago to explore, and had a specimen stone brought into town. It is about three feet long, by about 20 town. It is probably a native sandstone. Mr. Gage It is probably a native sandstone. Mr. Gage traced for a distance of 250 yards. The inference that one would naturally draw from this apperitually draw from this apperitually draw from this apperitually view is that this must have been a city wall, but deep exploration might show it to be a portion of a fort, temple or other building. Anyway, its antiquity is probably immense, and the people in the neighborhood have time, A VERY ANCIENT WALL IN MISSISSIPPI.-Abou